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From the Saturday News.

DILLY JONES.
OR THE PRINCIPLES OF IMPROVEMENT.

One of the most difficult things in the world is to run before the wind; and, by judiciously observing the changes of the weather, to avoid being thrown out. Fashion is so unsteady, and improvements are so rapid, that the man whose vocation yields him an abundant harvest now, may in a few years, if he has not a keen eye, and a plastic versatility, find that his skill and his business are both useless. Many were the poor barbers shipwrecked by the tax upon hair-powder, and numerous were the leather breeches makers who were destroyed by the triumph of woolens. Their skill was doubtless very great, but it would not avail in a contest against the usages of the world; and unless they had the capacity to strike out a new course, they all shared the fate of their commodities, and retired to the dark corners of popular estimation. Every day shows us the same principle of change at work, and no one has more reason to reflect and mourn about it than one Dilly Jones of this city. Dilly is not perhaps precisely the man who would be chronicled by the memoir-writers of the time, or have a monument erected to him if he were no more; but Dilly is a man of a useful though humble vocation, and no one can saw hickory with more classic elegance, or sit upon the curbstone and take his dinner with more picturesque effect.

Yet, as has been hinted above, our hero has his sorrows, particularly at night, after a hard day's work, when his animal spirits have been exhausted by reducing gum logs to the proper size. In the morning he is full of life and energy, feeling as if he could saw a card of shot-towers, and snap the pillars of the Bank across his knee like pipe stems. In the full flush of midday at that time of day, reflection batters against him in vain; but as the night draws on, Dilly becomes despondent, and has unhappy recourse to three cent tinctures, which in his case, only adds a keener edge to thought.

One night, Dilly was going home rather late and rather swivey; and his despondent reflections were uttered aloud, so complete was his abstraction.

'Sawing wood's going all to smash,' said he, 'and that's where every thing goes what I speculate in.' This here coal is doing us up—Ever since these black stones was brought to town, the wood-sawyers and pilers, and them' soap-fat and hickory ashes-men, has been going down; and, for my part, I can't say as how I see what's to be the end of all their new-fangled contraptions. But it's always so; I'm always crawling out of the little end of the horn. I began life in a comfortable sort of way: selling oysters out of a wheelbarrow, all clear grit, and didn't owe nobody nothing. Oysters went down slick enough for awhile, but at last celars were invented, and darn the oyster, no matter how nice it was pickled, could poor Dill sell; so I had to eat up capital and profits myself. Then the 'peppre pot smoking' was set up, and went ahead pretty considerably for a time; but a parcel of sellers come into it, said I, my cats wasn't as good as their'n, when I know'd they was as fresh as any cats in the market; and peppre pot was no go. Bean soup was just as bad; people said kittens wasn't good done that way, and the more I holstered, the more the customers wouldn't come, and them what did, wanted tick. Along with the boys, and their pewter tips, them what got trust and didn't pay, and the abusing of my goods, I was soon fished up in the virtualizing line—and I busted for the benefit of my creditors. But genus ris. I make a raise of a horse and saw, after this noble exploit? Eighteen thousand francs, stammered out the frightened artificer, almost deprived of his senses. 'No such thing sir,' replied Napoleon, 'I shall give you thirty-six thousand'; and gave an order on his treasurer for that amount.

Napoleon, in his campaign against Prussia, having found at Potsdam the sword of Frederick the Great, the belt which this monarch wore

during the seven years' war, and the grand insignia of his orders, exclaimed, on taking possession of these trophies, 'I prefer them to all the treasures of the King of Prussia—I will send them to my veterans of the campaigns of Hanover: the governor of the Invalides will guard them as a certificate of the victories of the grand army, and of the revenge which was taken for the disasters at Rostock.'

'Hey day!' said the watchman; 'why, aunty, what's the matter? If you don't sashay across, button your lip, and go home quietly, you and I will have to promenade all round, and swing corners into the watch house.'

'Sashay yourself,' said Dilly, 'if you know how—only go away from me, and don't bother, 'cause I ain't got no time.'

'What do you mean by crying here at this time of night, on a cellar door? What's your business?'

'I works in timber—that's what I soller.'

'You're a carpenter, I sposh, Mister?'

'No, not exactly; but I saws wood better

than any half dozen of 'em on the Drawbridge.'

I'll wasn't for gief, I'd give you six and beat you, the best duv you ever saw, going the rulegum and hickory; for I don't believe you're a gen'lman's son—only one of your half and half, want to be and can't, or you wouldn't keep a man while he's crying.'

'I've an idea, my man, that you're one of the wharf rats; and, if so, the less lip you give me the better. Paddle off at once. Trip your anchor, and heave ahead.'

'Now don't talk unfriendly. A man in grief is like a wood-pile in a cellar. Take care or you will crack his cocoon. Mind how you chuck it!'

'Cocca is neither here nor there; and if you don't sashay, as I said before, I'll fetch you up like a cat on a cork line—jerk! Cry as you go, and wash the pavements; or I'll introduce you to a gentleman at the corner of Fifth and Chestnut.'

The last of the speech was enough. Dilly, being naturally bashful, declined the introduction, and walked off.

'I wonder,' muttered Dilly, 'if they wouldn't list me for a Charley? Hollering oysters and bean soup has given me a splendid voice, and instead of skewering 'em away, if the thieves were to hear me singing out my style of doing it, I would almost coax 'em to come and be ticked up.'

'They'll feel like a bird when a snake is after it, and would walk up, and poke their coat collars right into my fist. Then, after a while I'd perhaps be promoted to the fancy business of pig ketching, which though it is werry light and werry elegant, requires genius. Tisn't every man that can come the scolypties in that line, and has studied the nature of a pig, so as to beat him at conceiving and make him surrender cause he sees it isn't no use of doing nothing.'

It wants learning to convince them critters, and it's only to be done by heading 'em up handsome, skating which ever way they skeete, and tripping them up gentle by shaking hands with their off hind leg. I'd scort to pull their tails out by the roots, or to hurt their feelings by dragging 'em about by the ears.'

'But what's the use? If I was listed, they'd soon find out to holler the hour and to ketch the thieves by steam; yes, and they'd take 'em to court on a rail-road, and try 'em with bling water. They'll soon have black locomotives for watchmen and constables, and big bliters for judges and mayors. Pigs will be ketchet by steam, and will be biled fit to eat before they are done squealing. By and by, folks won't be no people in the world but tea kettle; no mouths, but safety valves, and no talking, but blowing off steam. If I had a little biter inside of me, I'd turn omnibus, and weekdays, I'd run from Kensington to the Navy Yard, and Sunday I'd run to Fairmount.'

ANECDOTES OF BONAPART.

Napoleon was accustomed, (says a recent writer, in the London Mirror,) to wear a coat of mail under his clothes, and which he very rarely went without. On his departure for Belgium, he thought it best to guard against those dangers with which he was threatened, having all Europe leagued against him, by every means in his power. He accordingly sent for a clever workman, and asked him if he thought himself competent to make a coat of mail, of such a texture that no weapons whatever could penetrate. On the artificer answering in the affirmative, Bonapart agreed to give him 18,000 francs, the sum asked. On the day fixed, the man brought his work to the palace. Napoleon quickly examined it, and ordered the workman to put it on himself. The man obeyed. Napoleon then took two pistols, saying, 'We shall now see if this coat of mail is of the texture you promised me.' He fired the first at his breast, the cuirass resisted. 'Turn round.' The man obeyed; the second ball struck his back, and with the same result. The poor artificer half dead with fright, thought these trials would be sufficient, but he was mistaken in his calculation. Bonapart next armed himself with a long fowling-piece, and made the same experiment on the shoulders, back, and breast of the poor, trembling patient. Happily the cuirass resisted and saved the inventor from so cruel a trial.—How much am I to pay you?' said Napoleon, after this noble exploit? 'Eighteen thousand francs, stammered out the frightened artificer, almost deprived of his senses. 'No such thing sir,' replied Napoleon, 'I shall give you thirty-six thousand'; and gave an order on his treasurer for that amount.

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Among the other costly reliques belonging to one of the richest convents in Valladolid, there was a brick of massive gold, of nearly one foot in length by an inch thick, which contained a thorn said to be from the crown which Christ wore on the cross. It was presented to Napoleon by one of his generals, and he received it; but, taking out the thorn, 'There,' said he, 'give that back to the monks—I keep the brick.'

Natural History among the Ancients.

In a comparison between ancient and modern times, nothing is more remarkable than the ignorance and misconceptions of the learned men of old, in regard to natural science. Their

strictly intellectual cultivation was the most perfect of which human powers are susceptible—but they were mere children in all matters that

are to be learned by physical experiments, the observation of facts, and scientific analysis.—

Pliny the Elder, who lived in the most enlightened Roman era, and had acquired all the science of the ancient world, wrote a huge work on Natural History, which is full of the most laughable absurdities. The more of such false knowledge a man had, the greater fool he was.

As a pretty fair specimen of this book, we condense a few passages from that part which describes the characteristics of different nations:

The Arimaspis, who dwell near the Scythians, are distinguished from other men, by having only a single eye, in the centre of the forehead.

Not far from their country, there are found wild people, who associate with the brute beasts, and whose feet grow backwards, being prodigiously swift runners. In Albania there is a race of men who are gray-headed from childhood, and who see better in the darkness than by daylight.

In Pontus there is a kind of people who can never be made to sink nor be drowned in the water, whatever weight is attached to their bodies.

Some of the inhabitants of Ethiopia are so venomous that if their sweat doth touch a man's body, he immediately falls sick of a consumption. In the vicinity of Rome, there are certain families, the individuals of which can walk in the midst of a blazing fire, without being burnt, or otherwise incommoded by the heat.

There was such medicinal efficacy in the great toe of King Pyrrhus, that by a mere touch he could cure all who were afflicted with liver complaints. In India, there are men seven and a half feet high, and of such excellent constitutions, that they are never troubled with head-ache, tooth-ache, or sore eyes, and very seldom with diseases of any kind.

Among the hills of that region, dwell people with heads like dogs, and whose conversation is carried on by barking. There is likewise a race of men called Monoscelli, who are provided with but one leg apiece, on which they hop very nimbly.

The foot, which is appended to this single leg, is so broad, that in the heat of summer, they lie down on their backs, raise their legs perpendicularly, and thus defend themselves from the heat of the sun by the shadow of their feet.

Another people have only two small holes, instead of noses, and legs and arms so limber, that they creep about like serpents.

In the farthest part of India towards the East, near the source of the river Ganges, there is a nation that have no mouths, and do not subsist by eating and drinking, but by inhaling sweet perfumes through their nostrils; they dwell among the woods, where they may sniff the scent of wild flowers and fruits; but if any strong and unpleasant odor chance to pollute the air, they are soon overcome by it, and die.

(It was a happy circumstance for these sweet-scented people, that there were no skunks in that part of the world; this vile beast being competent to annihilate the whole nation, by one loud catastrophe.) The same country is also inhabited by the Pygmies, whose ordinary stature is

in Abyssinia, and thence may be considered a native. Maize, or Indian corn, is a native of Mexico, and was unknown in Europe until after the discoveries of Columbus.

The bread set out from the frontiers, or from any other point, have their termination there. An ancient

Rome, the central Mile-Stone was a golden column, erected by the Emperor Augustus in the forum, near the Temple of Saturn; and from

thence all the magnificent roads of the Empire diverged, like radii from a centre. It is doubtful

whether the United States will ever have a central Mile-Stone; nor, perhaps, is it desira-

ble that they should; for it would be one of the phenomena of a government and nation, consol-

ated to a much greater degree than at present. If, in future times, such a Mile-Stone should

ever be established, its site ought to be near the national Capitol; but a glance at the map will

convince us, that the Capitol must then be far westward of Washington.

[American Magazine.]

Anecdote.—At the conclusion of the war Dr. Franklin, the English Ambassador, and the French Minister, Vergennes, dining together at Versailles, a toast from each was called for and agreed to: The British Minister began with, "George the third, like the Sun, in its meridian

spreads a lustre throughout, and enlightens the world." The French Minister followed with, "The illustrious Louis XVI, who like the Moon, sheds his mild and benevolent rays on, and influences the globe." Our American then gave,

"George Washington, Commander of the American armies; who like Joshua of old, commanded the Sun and Moon to stand still and they obeyed him."

Cutting of Fruit Trees.—In the East, when olive-trees do not bear, a deep gash is cut in their sides with an axe, by way of punishment, and as a warning to the trees to perform their duty, the next season. This is a custom of great antiquity, and is said generally to produce the desired effect. The question is asked, whether a similar process might not be beneficial to our own fruit trees, when they drop their fruit before maturity. The cut is made in the spring of the year when the sap is rising, and is supposed to drain off the superfluous portion of the sap.

Disorders.—Few persons, observes a celebrated English Surgeon, are affected by dangerous disorders without due notice and repeated warnings. I have never known an instance of apoplexy or palsy, until after many previous intimations, nor any serious affections of the stomach, bowels, or liver, without the precedence of some morbid visitation, such as headache, flatulencies, acidity, or local pain. It is more than probable, that inflammatory diseases occur only in initiated babies; and when they seem to arise spontaneously, or to be occasioned by inadequate causes, they are in truth but roused into activity, and owe their remote origin to an ill-conditioned state.—Amer. Mag.

Physician's Fee.—In Burmah, when a young woman is taken ill, her parents agree with the physician, that if he cures the patient, he may have her for his wife, but if she dies under his medicines, he is to pay her value. It is said that successful physicians have large families, who have become their property in this manner.—Amer. Mag.

Weight and Substance of the Globe.—There has been much dispute among philosophers, as to the materials of which the inside of our globe is composed. The composition of its external crust or shell, is known from actual observation; but no excavations have ever reached the kernel. Some suppose that the globe is filled with water, whence originate the fountains which gush abundantly over its surface. Others believe it to contain nothing more solid than gas, like an inflated balloon. According to the hypothesis of other theorists, the inside of the world is stuff'd with loadstone, or with solid or molten metal. Our countryman Captain Symons, lived and died in the belief, that the globe is hollow, and contains inhabitants; and, in reality, he was a marriagable at the age of five, and would die at eight. A certain people have long shaggy tails, and are remarkable swift of foot; others have such immense ears, that they serve to cover their whole bodies. Some of the Ethiopians are above twelve feet high.—In the deserts of Africa, the traveller often meets with fairies, wearing the semblance of men and women; but, on a nearer view, they vanish away like fantastical illusions.

Like the fairies in the African deserts, all these fabulous varieties of the human race have disappeared, in the progress of modern intelligence; and their memory is worth preserving, only as a sample of what would have been the contents of a Magazine of Useful Knowledge, about eighteen hundred years ago. Yet, let us not look back to scornfully upon those elder times; for Science is even now but in her infancy; and it is unquestionable, that future investigations will convict the present age of absurdities as intrinsically, though perhaps not so glaringly ridiculous, as any in Pliny's Natural History.

Speculation.—'Well, how are the folks getting up in your country?' said we to a resident of the interior of this State. 'O, finely,' said he, 'many of the people, after three weeks' absence, have returned from the Far West—having purchased everything up to the Rocky Mountains, and are now so rich that they talk of casting every man into the poor-house, who is not worth more than \$100,000.—N. Y. Star.

A country lad who had been at a public dinner, wished to describe the scene to his duleine, in the language of the village editor, who had said that 'the table groaned with venison, roast pig, and every luxury.' Accordingly he declared to his wondering Belinda, that venison and roast pigs groaned on the table.

A Good One.—A boy was asked, 'Does the Leopard ever change his spots?' Oh yes, when he is tired of one spot he goes to another.

Given by a bounteous Heaven [the pipe and smokes it]. He also

From the Baltimore Patriot.

ANECDOTE OF GEN. HOUSTON.—About two years ago Gen. Houston, in company with two others, left Nashville, (Tenn.) for Tebas. They travelled several days through marshes and over mountains without any thing interesting or marvelous crossing their path.

Late one beautiful moonlight evening they entered a village, the country town of —, where they took lodgings for the night; the news was very soon soon spread over the town, that Gov. Houston, from Tennessee, had taken lodgings at —, where, in a short time, he was greeted by judge and jury, counsel and client, (the court being in session) by the accomplished female, as well as the back woods rustic, all of whom received the salutation of a gentleman and scholar in the person of Gen. H. There was an old man, with his interesting and beautiful daughter, who seemed to claim the attention of the General, more than all the other visitors. There was an expression in the old man's look, different from the rest; he looked a language which said, 'can you help me?' and echo answered from the heavy breast of the daughter, 'can you help?'

The old man many years ago, had taken up a large tract of land in the country, on which he settled with his little family, and which, through industry, he had converted into a very extensive and profitable plantation, but had, inadvertently, omitted to enter it. Some time previous to this event, a knowing one ascertained that the old man could be ejected, and legally too, set to work, had the farm entered in his own name, got a writ of ejection, had it served, and in an hour the old man and his family out of "house and home," almost, peniless. The old man entered suit in the court for the recovery of his lost home, but having no money, he had no friends! (how true!) The general listened to his tale of woe, and intimated that he would help on the morrow, as on that day the case would be decided:

It was a delightful morning, the sun shone cheerfully but the old man scarcely felt his influence; true, he thought a little light and broked in on the gloom of his mind—perhaps he may come to my help, but alas! I have no money, and Counsel do not often labor for nought; during these reveries the Court was called—the Counsel for the defendant opened an appeal to the jury on the legality of his client's claim to the farm, and laboured long and hard in defence of his plea; it was thought by some that his arguments were incontrovertible;

during this time there sat the old man, no friend to console him, the Governor was not there, he had not been as his estimation, the Counsel was about closing his appeal, and in all probability the decision would go against the plaintiff;

Mark! a rustling noise is heard, a move is in the crowd; a tall genteel personage enters; the old man lifts his eyes and recognises the Governor; he steps forward introduces himself to the court, volunteers for the old man, all eyes were upon him; and when the words, "Gentlemen of the Jury" fell from his lips, the current of opinion began to change; there was an uneasiness in the words to which the inmates of that house were unaccustomed, he proceeded eloquently, feelingly; his words tell on the listeners like the rushings of many waters; the white handkerchiefs of the ladies were soon brought to restrain the stern jurors were seen to throw away the briny drop, the Judge changed his position frequently, anon the whole house, judge and jury, counsel, and client, spectators, all were suffused in tears he closed his arguments his eloquent and impressive appeal to the jury, without leaving the box gave the 'old man' back his farm.

TEXIAN.

ATTACHMENT OF SWALLOW. The Cliff swallow is not, we believe, a regular sojourner in these parts. His visits are believed to be only occasional few and far between.

At any rate we are informed that he has no regular haunts. The farm that he gladdens this year, may not be again cheered by his presence for many coming seasons.

We have an excellent anecdote to tell of a pair of these interesting birds.

It was related to us, it not by an eye-witness, by one who received it from an undoubted source. These birds, as do nearly all

the birds of this latitude, take their departure hence for warmer skies.

Several years since, a large number of them had their nests built upon a barn in the south part of Deerfield.

At the usual period their northern dwellings were abandoned and the tribe took its flight for the tropics.

After some time a solitary individual was observed lingering among the forsaken habitations.

Various conjectures were started to account for his tarrying.

It might be, that he had not strength enough for so distant an expedition; or he might have been accidentally left behind in the general emigration, and feared to encounter the perils of the journey alone.

The autumn passed away, and still that solitary stranger remained, braving the frosts and the pelting of the storms of winter.

Spring came and yet he was there. An occurrence so singular and contrary to the habits of the emigration tribes, caused his motions to be watched with more attention.

At length another head was observed protruding from one of the nests, which seemed to be the particular abode of the bird which had been marked with so much interest.

On examining the nest, the mystery was beautifully solved. Another swallow was found there a prisoner. One of its legs had become entangled by a thread or a horse hair, which had been used in the lining of the nest and held it there a captive. Yet it was not deserted by its faithful mate. Through all the long and dreary winter, his patient, self-devoting love, supplied her wants. He saw without regret but for his hapless consort, the deepening gloom of the fading year, he felt without

feeling, but for her, the advancing rigour of winter, and if he, at times, remembered the sunny skins of the South, and the pleasures that she were there enjoying, it was only to sigh that he could not partake them. By night and day, in sunshine and in cloud, in the calm and the tempest, he was with her, ministering to her wants, and cheering the hours of her hopeless captivity by his caresses, and untiring devotion.

Now do you suppose that the vulture is capable of such heroic constancy, and generous self-sacrifice. Or did you ever hear any thing like this authenticated of the faithless vulture—the fanatical pipes implume?" Instinct is a wonderful thing, and perhaps the noblest characteristic of humanity are nothing more than instincts.—But what is instinct? an inquiry—not to be pursued at the tail of a story about swallows.—[Greenfield Adv.]

You may meet with much edification on board one of these craft, [canal packets] in observing the working of what is called *human nature*. At dinner, a sour old bachelor, who had been once a supercargo to Smyrna, and then a merchant in a small way—one who had all the stiff formality of a half cut gentleman, without the education or tact necessary for the composition of even such a personage—procured from a basket, which he was taking with him on his journey, a bottle of warm champagne. A country friend, with whom he was accidentally travelling, was solicited to imbibe the vicious beverage with him. This friend was one of those *malapropos* characters, who, with the best intentions, are always saying something wrong.—On renewing his glass, he said: "Well now this 'ere tastes like something—this isn't like the sour cider we get in the country, is it any how?"

"I hope you don't mean," said the fidgety host, "that there is any thing wrong about it?"

"Oh, not by no means whatsoever. I reckon it is good. Let me give you a toast. Success to American manufactures!"

"Sir," responded the ci-devant supercargo, "what do you mean? Why do you give that toast, of all others! I ask you candidly, is this wine like American Manufacture?"

"God bless you, neighbor, I didn't mean nothing of that kind—and I say let's drop the subject. Were you ever in Newark?"

The face of the old fellow assumed the hue of scarlet. Fire stood in his eye. He sat down his glass, and looking dangerous at his friend observed:

"I don't know what your object is—but you are evidently trying to insult me. What has Newark to do with the champagne? Do you suppose it is made there? Sir, your conduct is outrageous."

The countryman sunk back against the boat-side, observing that he 'wouldn't never attempt to get up a variety in his conversation again.'

We have glanced in a hasty manner at the articles which we deem worthy of particular attention, passing over several which are by no means devoid of merit. The poetical part of the present number, as far as we have examined it, as a whole, we think decidedly inferior to the prose articles.

From the Eastern Argus.

The Escape. The Post has an article on the escape of the seven prisoners from the Cheltenham State Prison, alluded to in our paper yesterday.—The Editor thus speaks of the leader in this desperate and successful adventure:—"The leader was Jacob H. Edwards, a man of great intelligence, sentenced for life, for counterfeiting. He was an officer in the customs in Vermont, during the administration of Mr. Adams. He is a very aspiring and ambitious man, and it has been ascertained, since the evacuation of the hospital that he had occasionally sounded his brethren in captivity, upon the feasibility of emigrating to Texas! He was acting apothecary to the hospital—post of leisure, dignity and confidence, which he turned to advantage by employing the opportunities it afforded him, in maturing arrangements for a *coup de main*, when the proper moment should arrive. On Friday evening his energetic spirit was reinforced by the arrival in the hospital of Jordan—a hair-brained fellow, but fearless and keen for an adventure, and

"As one brave hero but fans another's flame," the escape was decided on for the next night. The old prison is used as the hospital, and is the weakest point in the works, and there are no sentinels posted on the walls at night. Edwards had provided himself with the key which fitted the padlock on the outside of the iron grated door, which opened at the head of the steps. A large aperture was made,

by sawing in the door that communicated from the hospital to the arch, which left nothing to be done but to shove a soldier arm through the bars of the outer door, insert the well-fitting key of the padlock, open the door, descend the steps traverse down the yard, make an inclined place of a long plank, scale the wall, creep along by the picked and drop into the first dry spot they could find. All which was executed without the least noise, though there were two large dogs in the yard; as the prisoners had a bag of provisions with them it is probable that they silenced their growlings by feeding them. The night was very dark, and it is doubtful whether if the attention of the guard had been directed towards them. Or they might have availed themselves of the precise moment of 12 o'clock when it was well known that the guard on duty went up-stairs to summons the relief guard to his post. They dropped a bag of provisions, and three pistols, which they took from the desk of the officer of their ward—one was loaded.

The alarm was given at 2 o'clock, by a sick prisoner, who needed assistance from Edwards, and after knocking and calling someone in vain he rang the hospital bell, and brought up the guard; and measures were immediately taken by the Warden, Mr. Lincoln, to employ the police to recapture the fugitives. Four of them served, we must beware of inviting Satan to prison discipline down at the Castle, and had been in confinement thirty one years.

—
From "Woman—As She is Not."

"Whatever may be the customs and laws of a country, the women of it decide the morals.

Free or subjugated, they reign, because they

hold possession of our passions. But this in-

fluence is more or less salutary according to the degree of esteem which is granted to them.

Whether they are our idols or companions,

courtesans, slaves or beasts of burden, the re-

action is complete, and they make us such as they are themselves. It seems as if nature con-

nected our intelligence with their dignity, as we

connect our happiness with their virtue. This,

therefore, is a law of eternal justice; man can-

not degrade women without becoming better.

Let us cast our eyes over the globe, and ob-

serves those two great divisions of the human

race, the East and the West. One half of the

ancient world remains without progress, without

thought, and under the load, of a barbarous

civilization; women there are slaves. The

other half advances towards freedom and light;

the women there are loved and honored."

Here, indeed, is a glorious compliment to the

moral power of women; and to this we shall

only add the beautiful appeal to the sex with

which their advocate concludes:—

"Oh, women!" he says, "if you could only

see one of the mericles promised to material in-

fluence, with what noble pride would you enter

upon that career which so generously op-

ened future ages to your endeavors! That

which it is not the power of any monarch or

any nation to accomplish, it is given to your

will to execute. You alone can unite the scat-

tered flock, and give it one common impulse.

That which I have not been able to trace on

this cold paper, you can engrave on the hearts

of a whole people. I offer to you a feeble im-

age of the truth, and you can bequeath the truth

itself to the whole world. When in our pub-

lic walks and gardens, I see on all sides the

noisy crowds of children, diverting themselves

with the sports suitable to their age, my heart

trembles with joy at the thought they yet be-

long to you. Let each devote herself to the

happiness of her own children, for in each in-

dividual happiness God has placed the promise

of general happiness. Young girls, young wives

tender mothers, it lies in you, much more than

it lies in the laws of a legislature, to confirm the

future destiny of Europe, and the destiny of

mankind!"

—
MARTIN LUTHER AND THE DEVIL.

The great reformer's experience, and ideas of, and about, the influence of the Evil Spirit, were very singular, and will be, undoubtedly, interesting to the readers of the transcript.—

From the memoirs of Luther, translated from

the French of M. Michelet, we transcribe the

following curious details:

The belief of Luther extended much farther

than to the mental effects of Satan's presence.

He held that the arch fiend was often corpor-

ally engaged with the children of men. A few examples may be given on so curious a sub-

ject: *

Once, while in the cloister at Wittemberg I

discreetly heard the noise made by the devil.—

I had just chanted the matin service, and was

beginning to read the Psalter, which I was stu-

dying for my sermon, when the devil could not

be removed. He did nothing but eat;—

it eat as much as four ploughmen or thrashers;

and it performed the customary functions.—

But when any one touched it, it cried out like

one possessed; if any thing unfortunate hap-

pened in the house, he rejoiced and laughed aloud;

but if everything went on prosperously, it con-

tinually moaned. I said to the Prince of An-

gath, "Were I sovereign here, I would throw

this little wretch into the Moldau, at any risk."

But the Elector of Saxony and the Prince were

not of my opinion. I then, advised them to

pray in all the churches, that the demon might

be removed. They did so during a year, when

the child died. When the doctor had related

this story, he was asked the reason of his ad-

vice. He replied, "Because, in my opinion, children of this de-

scription are neither more nor less than mass

of flesh, without soul. The devil is very capa-

ble of such creations."

—
Madness and Civilization.—It is a curious

fact, but impossible to be controverted, that

madness is one of the attendants upon civiliza-

tion and intellectual cultivation. According to

many well authenticated accounts, it is compar-

atively unknown among sav

the principal personage, he sunk into idleness and obscurity. "Too lazy to work and too proud to beg," he strutted about in his old regiments, the laughing stock of those by whom he supposed he was admired! The renowned Col. now flourishes in the Philadelphia Almshouse, the slander of his former self—lost like Napoleon, on the Island of St. Helena, to end his life in sad contemplations upon his fallen greatness.—Post.

HARRISON'S VOTE FOR WHITE SLAVES.

In 1820 Gen. Harrison was member of the Ohio Legislature, where a motion was introduced in relation to the law of creditor and debtor, which is taken from the journals as follows:

"**ALLEN TRIMBLE**, Speaker.

"Mr. FITCHIAN then moved to strike out the 19th section of said bill, as follows:

Be it further enacted, That when any person shall be imprisoned, either upon execution or otherwise, for non payment of a fine, or costs, it shall be lawful for the sheriff of the county to sell out such persons as a servant to any person within this State, who will pay the amount due for the shortest period of service, of which sale public notice shall be given of at least ten days and upon such sale being effected the sheriff shall give to the purchaser a certificate therefor, and deliver over the prisoner to him; from which time the relation between purchaser and prisoner shall be that of master and servant until the time of service expires, and for injuries done by either remedy shall be had in the same manner as is or may be provided by law in the case of masters and apprentices.

But nothing herein contained shall be construed to prevent persons being discharged from imprisonment according to the provisions of the thirty-seventh section of the act to which this is supplemental, if it shall be considered expedient to grant such discharge.

Provided that the court, in pronouncing sentence upon any person or persons to be detained in prison until the fine be paid, or the person or persons otherwise disposed of agreeably to the provisions of this act,

It is stated that the motion was decided in the affirmative—years 20, nays 12—and that GEN. HARRISON GAVE HIS VOTE IN THE NEGATIVE.

So General Harrison is the advocate for surrendering the unfortunate citizen, as a slave, to a purchaser, because he has the misfortune to be unable to pay a debt which he had contracted, or a fine imposed upon him.

At a time when the voice of the nation calls loudly for the abolition of imprisonment for debt an individual is before the nation as a candidate for the Presidency, who has voted to sell every honest unfortunate individual into SLAVERY who cannot liquidate a debt. What a picture is here exhibited to freemen, and those who advocate and labor in the cause of humanity!!—Globe.

The election of two sound democrats to represent the town of Augusta in the next Legislature, has thrown the honorable editor of the Kennebec Journal into a towering passion, and he rails and chatters like any old fish woman at the mortifying result. He luxuriates in his abuse of his political opponents and slangs—whangs it in a first rate style of excellence. Keep cool, Mr. Severance—and don't let defeat, mortifying though it may be, at all disturb the Senatorial dignity—this is a trifle to what you may expect hereafter—East Dem.

Very Late from England. London papers to the 8th, and Liverpool to the 9th August, both inclusive, were received by the last packet. They contain the report of an interesting debate in the House of Commons on the subject of the interference of Great Britain between Texas and Mexico. The debate arose on a motion of Mr. P. Hoyt for an "Address to the crown, praying that his majesty would direct that measures be taken to secure the fulfilment of the existing treaty between England and Mexico; and to prevent the establishment of slavery and the traffic in slaves in the province of Texas." Mr. Hoyt said that the question was a very important one, as England had in the province in question property to the amount of 70,000,000 of dollars. Texas had already been disengaged from Mexico, and might fall, along with Cuba, &c., into the hands of the United States. The war going on in Texas was not a war for independence or for liberty; it was a war for slavery, and the Texans had been most unjustly assisted by the southern States of the American Union. Texas had carried on slavery in the most open manner. The annexation of Texas to the American Union was contemplated and spoken of, &c. He was followed by other gentlemen on the same side, who expressed great dread of the annexation of Texas to the United States as a part of our "system of progress we aggrandizement," giving us invincible commercial advantages, and opening an extensive market for the trade of slaves and the perpetuation of slavery, which Great Britain was exerting every energy to suppress. They were answered by Lord Palmerston, who referred to the President's declaration of neutrality, and said that he had too high an opinion of the honor and good faith of the Government of the United States not to believe that they would act up to their declaration—assured the mover that Ministers were ever watchful—would not lose sight of the subject—but intended to introduce a bill connected with the subject under discussion, and the motion was withdrawn.

Mexico. By the arrival of the schr. Lady Hope, in seven days from Tapico, we learn that the Mexican republic is in a frightfully convulsed state. The intelligence received at Tapico previous to the sailing of the schr. was

of the most painful nature, plotting, treachery and strife being the order of the day, party pitted against party, and all in open hostility throughout the distracted land. No battle of the Keene Journal is trying to revive the worn out slang of the federal party, in relation to Mr. Van Buren's letter to the Pope. We note, since that of Etta, has been fought, in which it will be remembered, the Constitutionalists were worsted; they are not, it appears, dispirited or broken by their defeat—on the contrary, they are encouraged by the accession of numbers to their ranks, and the rapid extension of their principles. If this is correct, the overthrow of the present government is likely result, but it will not be effected without much destruction of life.

The troops at Tampico are drilled by the new commandant, Pasu, and amounted to 1000 men. Capt. Williams, of the Lady Hope, speaks highly of Pasu, and states that he is a most gentlemanly and humane man, giving all possible protection to foreigners resident at Tampico, and suppressing all attempts at insubordination. His active and energetic measures were productive to much good. The designation of the troops under his command was not known. [N. O. Bee.]

BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

Texas and Mexico—Highly Important. In the British House of Commons, Aug. 6, Mr. P. Hoyt, in conformity with previous notice, brought forward his motion for inquiry into the affairs of Texas and Mexico. He said it was not a war for independence but for slavery, and asked, "if the United States were suffered to west Texas from Mexico, Cuba would, come next." The British Cabinet did not deem it necessary to interfere, and the motion was withdrawn.

The London Examiner ridicules the proposed English Church Reform in the following expressive commentary:

The two Dromos were hardly more like each other than the reform and abuse of the Church, so far as the Bishops' incomes are concerned. Unless we saw them together, it would be impossible to distinguish the one from the other. The resemblance is quite natural. A few years after the proposed measure has passed into law, people will be puzzled to suppose what worse state of things could possibly have preceded it. The Archbishop of Canterbury gives up £15,000, and calls it reform;—the Bishop of London gives up £3,800, out of £13,890, retaining £10,000, and calls it reform;—the Archbishop of York gives up £270 out of £10,270, and calls it reform! Such is the moderation of the right reverend prelates, such their retrenchment of excess, and with such tenacity do they cling to the root of all evil!"

Spain.—Each new arrival from this distracted country brings reports of greater and greater misery. The last news is the worst—it brings us an account of the rising of the whole population of Cadiz. The greatest excitement prevailed among the people, who loudly demanded the proclamation of the Constitution of 1812. The neighboring country were no less excited than the people of Cadiz. A new regiment 1900 strong, joined the people of the latter place, and then went in search of their Colonel, who had secreted himself, but who was soon discovered and then made common cause with the people, complying with their demands, and, with many other functionaries, took the oaths required.

We learn also, that this excitement was not confined either to Cadiz or its immediate neighborhood, but to the whole country. The population of Port St. Mary's and Xeres were preparing to follow the example of their neighbors. In the mean time the Queen, becoming daily more unpopular, and has lost forever the confidence of the people. The new Minister Istriz, is deposed; Cordova is pronounced to be a traitor, and has been accused of plotting to deliver the English auxiliaries under Gen. Evans, into the hands of Carlos. The name of Carlos has been connected with the favorite Constitution of 1812, not, it is said, because the people are attached to Carlos, but because they have no other alternative. It is well known that Carlos in principle, practice, and theory has been opposed to this constitution, which also not by him alone, but by many of the Governments of Europe, has been warmly denounced. It is the same as the French army, commanded by the Duke de Angouleme, destroyed, and the same constitution which has been revived to-day, only again to receive its death blow to-morrow. Well may the Queen exclaim with Shakespeare, "Alas! poor country! almost afraid to know itself—it cannot be called our mother, but our grave!"

Washington, Sept. 17th.—Hot weather, injuries, duels and deaths are the only things occurring here, of importance. A keeper of a common tavern died suddenly, night before last, as was represented by those interested, of Asiatic Cholera, but in truth of *any thing else*. A poor negro man was murdered, and a colored woman unhappily, had a leg ground off. But this was not the worst, a couple of gentlemen from Richmond, a Mr. Wickham, a worthy son as I hear, of the gifted honorable gentleman of that name of the same place and Mr. Chapman, son of the distinguished Doctor of Philadelphia, had a difference to settle, which it seems they determined could not be so well done as on the ground lately distinguished by the meeting of the Honorable Messrs. Jenifer and Bynum. They accordingly met, with John Dandridge of this place as the friend of the former, and Commodore Biddle, of the U. S. Navy, that of the latter. They exchanged one shot, that is, Mr. Chapman fired and Mr. Wickham missed, when the former gentleman made the amende honorable.—*Sic transit gloria mundi.*—*Jour. Com.*

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MR. VAN BUREN AND THE POPE.

The Kennebec Journal is trying to revive the worn out slang of the federal party, in relation to Mr. Van Buren's letter to the Pope. We shall not say one word in reply to its ridiculous nonsense on this point; but there is one very obvious comment which we cannot forbear to make. All the great diplomatic triumphs of the present Administration were achieved whilst

Mr. Van Buren, as secretary of State, presided over this department of the Government. The treaties for the Neapolitan, Danish, and French Indemnities, for the opening of the West India Ports, and many other treaties highly advantageous and honorable to our country were completed during this period. Here then is sufficient cause for the spleen of the federal party. Mr. Van Buren was eminently successful where Mr. Clay was totally unsuccessful.

Mr. Van Buren's enemies were therefore compelled to do or say something to deprive him of the just reward of his exertion and ability; and for this purpose they have ransacked the whole of his laborious and voluminous correspondence to find something that they might torture into an error. They have succeeded wonderfully! They have discovered as the result of all their labors, that Mr. Van Buren wrote a civil letter to the Pope—that to effect his purpose of extending the privileges of our commerce, he actually wrote a letter to the Pope of Rome, which contained neither insult nor abuse, but which (strange to tell) was couched in those terms of civility and courtesy which characterize the diplomatic intercourse of all civilized nations!—Age.

Three Thousand Dollars Lost.—Mr. H. E. Brewster, of this city, lost on board the steamer Providence on Monday night, \$3334 in bank bills, checks and drafts. The pocket containing the package, was securely buttoned, (says the New York Times) and in order to afford greater safety and prevent the paper working out, Mr. Brewster took the precaution to pin the pocket at the side. When he awoke in the morning he found the pin in the place where he had put it, and the pocket buttoned as before, but the paper, and contents, were gone. An alarm was given, and the steamboat on her arrival kept out in the stream till a search could take place. Notice was given at the Police Office, when officers Waldron, Sparks and Homer, went on board, and for two hours and a half searched the passengers, crew, baggage, &c., but without success, and it is feared that the robber, whoever he may be, when he found detection probable, threw the package overboard. Such, however, may not be the case, and a reward of \$500 has been offered.

Spain.—Each new arrival from this distracted country brings reports of greater and greater misery. The last news is the worst—it brings us an account of the rising of the whole population of Cadiz. The greatest excitement

prevailed among the people, who loudly demanded the proclamation of the Constitution of 1812. The neighboring country were no less excited than the people of Cadiz. A new regiment 1900 strong, joined the people of the latter place, and then went in search of their Colonel, who had secreted himself, but who was soon discovered and then made common cause with the people, complying with their demands, and, with many other functionaries, took the oaths required.

Joice Heth.—The editor of the N. Y. Herald says the Joice Heth affair is a hoax. According to his account a gentleman from New England, the motherland of every thing droll in human nature, was in Washington a few years ago. He travelled in the West with a Virginian, and became acquainted with Wm. Boler, a planter, near Paris, Ky. Here the traveller learned that Boler had an old negro woman who had been blind and in her bed for thirty years. They went to see her, and found her almost a mummy alive. On leaving her, the Yankee said to the Virginian:—"I guess something could be made out of this critter by exhibiting her as a woman of extraordinary age." The Virginian was struck with the idea, and they made a bargain with Mr. Boler, who was to have an interest in the speculation. She was about 65 years of age, but they set her up as 110 years, making her older as they went along. At first she was simply a negro of great age; at last she was proclaimed as Joice Heth of the family of Washington. After a good deal of trouble she was taught her lesson—which was probably accurately to questions relative to the habits, looks, and family affairs of Washington. The ingenious gentleman made \$20,000 out of this hoax of Joice Heth.—Post.

The Crops. It appears that the crops of wheat and corn at the West, and especially in Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan are abundant, and an average crop in Maryland, Ohio and Pennsylvania, and the whole West and South, La. New-England, although the frost has injured the corn, the crop of rye, oats, and wheat is better than the average, taking one year with another, and as the hay, there was never before so abundant a crop taken from the ground. Notwithstanding the hue and cry, a good deal of good sound corn will be harvested in this State—all of half a crop, to say the least. It may be for the interest of speculators, to cry out scarcity and famine—and there are croakers who will be eternally complaining let the times and the seasons be as they may. But there is abundance of every thing in the country for the sustenance of man and beast—and abundant cause of gratitude to that Providence which has provided that in no event shall seed time and harvest fail.—N. H. Pat.

Conn.—The corn weather of the past Summer and Spring, it is known, prevented the growth of the Indian Corn so much, as to interfere greatly with the harvest of that important grain. Aware of the effects of short seasons on summer grains, Mr. E. J. Pierce, who has a delightful farm near Germantown, Pa., procured a quantity of seed corn from the northern part of New Hampshire, where the summers are about the shortest of any part of our country. This corn was planted on the first day of September, that is, on Thursday last, it was harvested. We have now before us, two ears from Mr. P.'s field; they are full of large grains, and we understand that the eight acres planted by Mr. P. with this seed, will produce,

nearly 400 bushels. Does it not concern our farmers generally, to provide themselves with a quantity of such seed, in order that they may be prepared against the effects of such a summer as the past upon their cornfields!

U. S. Gazette.

Many of the Federalists, who profess to be admirers of the policy of Gen. Washington's administration, find a great deal of fault with Gen. Jackson for appointing none but Democrats to office. It will be seen by the following that Gen. Washington sanctioned the same policy. It was the "splendid" Hamilton that they admired, rather than the patriotic Washington—and as to the policy of appointments to office they always approve it when it works in their favor, and condemn it when it works against them!—

"I SHALL NOT," says Washington in his letter to Mr. Pickering, dated Sept. 27, 1795, "while I have the honor to administer the government, bring any man into office of consequence, knowingly, whose political tenets are adverse to the measures which the general government are pursuing; for this in my opinion, would be a sort of political suicide."

The Whig says, that the Van Burenites quail at the result in North Carolina. Disappointed they certainly are at the late election, but desponding never. The result, however, is not so decisive as the Whigs had hoped. The Oxford Examiner (desperate Whig) admits that in the House of Commons, the Van Burenites have a majority of two—which at all events the Legislature—and it has to draw vaguely and contingently upon the Senator from Cumberland for a majority. We will not even give up North Carolina. We rely upon the recuperative energy of her Republican sons—their principles—their attachment to the great Right of Instruction—their very pride itself, for redoubled efforts and ultimate success.—Many of her counties voted thin—much slang and roguery were practised upon her. She had to pass through the first sweat of Abolitionism and the Free Negro Vote—the two topics, which pressed as they were, ought to have gallied her withers. Until lately, the Negro had the same right of suffrage as the white man, under her Constitution—whereas in New York it has been essentially different for many years. And even in N. C., her two distinguished Whigs (Branch and Swain) opposed any change of her Constitution, in this respect. Mr. V. B. might have expected some little mercy on the score of Districh Abolitionism or constitutional grounds. He is as unchangeably and uncompromisingly opposed to it, as she is—as sincerely opposed to all interference on the subject of Slavery by the General Government, and has expressed himself as strongly against it, as North Carolina herself,—yet upon the constitutional question, her Resolutions are not more decided than his letter.—[Richmond Enquirer.

Great Squirrel Hunt in Vermont. The St. Albans (Vt.) Journal of Sept. 1st says—at the count after a squirrel hunt in Swanton, a few days since, 3,111 squirrels of all kinds, gray, black, red and striped, were brought in by the two sides.—Game of all kind is abundant. A few mornings since a deer came dashing through our village in fine style, and after running the whole length of the street, pursued by men, 'guns, dogs and boys,' finally escaped to the woods clear of all harm.

MARRIED.

In this town, by John Bennett, Esq. Mr. Jonathan Clark to Miss Fanny W. Rawson, both of this town. In Boston, Dr. Amos Nourse, of Hallowell, Me. to Miss Lucy Clark.

Strayed or Stolen.

FROM the pasture of the subscriber on Friday the 14th inst. one Black Mare about 7 years old, long thin plum legs, and a mark on her left hind foot of a sort just above the hoof. Any person who will give information, or return said Mare to the subscriber shall be suitably rewarded. LUTHER P. BRETT, South Pitts, Sept. 24, 1836.

One Cent Reward!

ON away from the subscriber Ethelma, and Wm. Sprague, bound to me by the Overseers of the Poor of the town of Bethel. All persons are cautioned against harboring or trusting him on my account as I shall pay no debts of his contracting after this date. PETER POWERS, Bethel, Sept. 24, 1836.

NOTICE.

MARY ANN MASON, aged 11 years is bound to me for 18 years old, and have made suitable provisions for her. This is to caution all made from harboring or trusting her on my account, as I shall not pay one cent for any charge whatever after this date. NICHOLAS BICKNELL.

Turner, Sept. 25, 1836.

NOTICE.

JOSEPH STRAYED, or Stolen, from the pasture of Joseph Penley, about the 8th inst. one pale red colt four years old last spring, with one of her fore legs injured by a scythe & any person who will return said colt or give information to the subscriber at South Pitts, shall be suitably rewarded. WILLIAM GALLISON.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the subscribers on Note or Account of more than six months standing are requested to make immediate payment, or the same must unavoidably be left with an Attorney for collection. S. CROCKETT, & Co.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of JOSIAH LANCASTER, late of Hartford, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—She therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to LEVI BROWN.

Waterford, Sept. 10, 1836.

Levi Brown.

3w7.

NOTICE.

LEVI WHITTEM, NATH'L BENNETT, ED'L HOBBS.

The undersigned being acquainted and having in use and operation several of "Wilson's Spiral Vent Water-Wheels" for propelling Saw-Mills, Grist-Mills, Cotton and Woolen Manufactories, and all kinds of machinery to which Water Power is applicable.

The following are some of the advantages of this wheel over other wheels, viz:—

1st Because the original expense, taking into the account the expense of keeping them in repair, is comparatively small.

2d. Because a greater power is obtained with the same water, than can be with any other wheel—something like two to one.

3d. Because the speed is such, in most cases, that gearing for the purpose of getting up speed is unnecessary.

4th. Because they work freely in back water, and are an invaluable improvement on flat streams, and low heads beyond any thing heretofore known.

The subscriber having purchased the exclusive right of constructing, using and vending to others, these wheels for the County of Oxford, now offers to the public this valuable improvement, with full confidence that he can give perfect satisfaction to any reasonable man. All improvements promptly resisted.

THOMAS CHASE.

Norway-Village, June, 1836.

Applications promptly attended to.

"Wilson's Spiral Vent Water Wheel" has been in use about

5 years, and is now extensively used in many parts of the United States. In Penobscot County, Me. these wheels stand unrivaled. That Mill owners in this County may know something of their value, I submit only

New Books.

JUST added at the Oxford Bookstore—Polyglot Bibles, an elegant edition.
Peter Parley's Ancient Rome.
do South America.
do Europe.
do Poetry.
do Library.
do Magazines—bound volumes.

Way to do Good—Hebrew Wife—Baptized Child—Child's Book of the Sabbath—Domesticated Animals—Disasters at Sea—Shipwrecks, &c.—Right & Wrong—Farmhouse—Father's Legacy—Harp of Zion—Glory of America—History of the Pirates—Highwaymen—Child Book of Biography—Boys own Week Day Book—Youth's Keepsake—Youth's Folio—Scenes of Wealth—U. States, by C. B. Taylor—Cogswell's Manual of Theology and Devotions—Sailor Boy.

—ALSO—
DR. THAYER'S GENUINE VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS, a prime article.
C. P. Newton's OIL OF LIQUID OPODELDOG, or ANODINE BALM.

The German HEADACHE POWDER
This article will cure the head in the most extreme cases, when nothing else will help it. It is calculated to exhale the spirits, relieves a person immediately from pain, and last, not least, will keep a person from drowsy and lethargic sensations in Church, which is most disagreeable.

Cook's Superior COMPOSITION SOAP, for taking soaps from cloth.

ERASIVE SALT.
This article instantly removes Stains of Ink, Iron-moldes, Frost, &c., from muslin, muslin, and cotton goods, without the least injury to the finest and delicate textures. W. E. GOODNOW.

Norway, Sept. 19, 1836. 5

Collector's Notice.—Fryeburg.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of land in the town of Fryeburg, State of Maine, and county of Oxford, that the same are taxed for county and town taxes, in the bills committed to me for collection, for the year a. d. 1836, and remain unpaid, as follows:

	Non-resident Original proprietors.	Owner unk.	J. Chandler, Jr.	46	4103.12	\$ 2.79
Dudley Bean.	Codman land.			5007.50	4.55	
Owner unk.	E. Walker, &	1		320	1.64	
David Badger.	I. Frye,	1	16340	1.63		
Owner unk.	I. Frye,	1	40	50	.99	
do.	M. Ames,	39	21123	1.21		
Smith & Dodge.	M. Stacy	22	310324	1.13		
Owner unk.	Parrington,	63	5200300	3.00		
do.	John Parker, part of	4	40	50	.99	
Simeon F. Hamden.	A. Chandler,	18	532365	1.73		
Buildings & land.	E. Walker,	1007004	4.62			
occupied by J. Hamder,						
J. Eastman, Jr.	I. Frye.	10	50	50	.99	
Owner unk.	Moses Day.	1	592651	.75		
do.	do	30	52551	1.03		
Land taxed last year to J. Wentworth.	R. E. Atwater, Intervale,	5	36120	.75		
Ric'd Russell.	W. Eaton.	1	29100	.66		
do.	do.	1.327	11110	.73		
do.	do.	4	400	2.64		
Owner unk.	John Charles,	5	15	45	.30	
do.	do.	7	21	14		
Unless said taxes with all interest and charges are paid to me on or before Monday the second day of February next, at 10 o'clock A. M. I shall proceed to sell, at Public Vendue, at the Inn of Samuel Souther in said Fryeburg, so much of their land as will pay said taxes, with all legal costs. JAMES HOBBS, Jr.						

Fryeburg, Sept. 16, 1836. Collector of Fryeburg.

Collector's Notice.—Summer.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Nonresident Proprietors and Owners of land in the town of Sumner, in the County of Oxford, that they are taxed in bills committed to me to collect, by the Assessors of said town, for the years 1833, 1834, & 1835, in the respective sums following, viz.: Taxes for Town.

	Proprietors Names.	15	30	21	21	66
Jacob Tewksbury, part of	east end of gore formerly owned by John Cox.					
John Cox, part of gore formerly owned by J. Cox, living north of J. Tewksbury's land.	20 20 35 23 32 35	for 1833 (1834) \$40.18				
Edmund Dean, Jr. west gore	46 72	55 58				
Edward Kent, South half	63 175	140 140				

And unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me on or before the 23d day of January next, so much of said lands will be sold at Public Auction, on said day, at one of the clock P. M. at my dwelling house in said Sumner, as may be necessary to discharge the same. DAVID MORRILL.

Sumner, September 12, 1836. 3w6

Sheriff's Sale.

Oxon, ss.

TAKEN on execution and will be sold at Public Vendue on the 24th of October next, at one of the clock in the afternoon, at the dwelling house of Amos Poor in Denmark, the equity of redeeming a certain tract or parcel of land situated in the same, being the same that was conveyed to said Amos Poor by John Poor of Brownfield, by Deed of Mortgage, dated December 1, A. D. 1832; said tract containing fifty acres, more or less. A more definite description will be given at the time and place of sale. JAMES WALKER, Deputy Sheriff.

Paris, Sept. 12, 1836. 3w6

NOTICE.

THIS certifies that I have this day given my son Zenas Wheeler, his time, and declare him free to trade and for himself. I claim none of his earnings, and shall pay no debt of his contracting after this date. AMOS WHEELER.

Attest: JEREMIAH GROVER, Jr.

Silsbury, May 13, 1836. 3w5

MEDICINES

Of various kinds constantly for sale at the Oxford Book Store—just added the following:—

Star's Genuine Vegetable Pulmonary Balsom Syrup of LIVERWORT, for the cure of Consumption, Coughs and Colds.

Dr. Johnson's Vegetable, Rheumatic and Bilious Pills, a highly esteemed remedy for Rheumatic, Scrophular and Bilious Complaints, Indigestion, Costiveness, &c., the very best Remedy ever offered to the public, combining the best properties of the Vegetable and Mineral Pills. Price 50 cents a box.

Dr. Johnson's TOOTH ACHE DROPS, a cure for the toothache. Price 25 cents.

Madam Bovis' colored WORM ELIXIR, a sure and efficacious remedy for the Worms. Price 50 cents.

Dr. Johnson's American Andrine Liniment or Opoloel, a cure for Rheumatism, Strains, Bruises, stiffness in the Joints, Chilblains, &c., Spasms and Ringworms, chafing of the hands, &c. Price 25 cents.

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Norway-Village, Aug. 25th, 1836. 3w5

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